



sadly lament. The civil war furnished great opportunities for making money rapidly, and the men who made it rapidly raised their style of living to a luxurious grade. So many made money swiftly that they had the power to revolutionize the general style of living. In this way, life became more expensive to everybody, and the most extraordinary exertions were made by all men to win a share in the general prosperity, and to display a share in their dresses, equipages and homes. We did not hear very much about betrayals of trust while the prosperity was in progress; but when the times began to pinch, and men were trying to bridge over little gaps in their income, without showing to their families or their friends that they were in trouble, the mischief began. The first steps were undoubtedly very small, and were intended to be immediately retraced; but the pinch in the times did not relax, and the false steps never were retraced and never could be retraced. The following ones were the steps that a man makes when dragged at the tail of a hangman's cart—irresistible.

Now we are simply harvesting the crop. The mischief began long since, under the pressure of special and exceptional temptations. But ought not Christianity to have been equal to such an emergency as this? This is the question the church is asking of itself. This is the question the world is asking of the church, and this is the second point that we have thought worth considering in this article.

Now why does the world ask of the church such a question as this? Who taught the world its morality? Where did it acquire its nice notions of personal honor and honesty? Whose influence has planted in the public mind the sense of integrity and purity—the sense of the heinousness of infidelity to private and public trusts? Christianity has been the world's teacher, and it only asks the

question which the church has taught it to ask. Why does the church feel through all its membership the deep disgrace of these untoward revelations, save for the reason that it is truly Christian, and is permeated and moved by the spirit which these crimes have violated. If the church were trying to cover up these crimes and to shield these criminals; if she were not shocked and grieved to her center; if she were not sadly questioning herself as to the causes of these terrible backslidings, she might be flouted with them. As it is, no decent man will fail to give her his sympathy.

Feeling just this, and saying so much as this, we believe that we have the liberty to say a little more. We feel at least the liberty to ask a question or two. Is it not possible that in the pulpit teaching of the present day we make a little too much of salvation, and not quite enough of righteousness?—a little too much of the tree, and not quite enough of the fruit?—a little too much about a "saving faith," and not quite enough of good works?—a little too much of believing, and not quite enough of living?—a little too much of dogma, and not quite enough of character? Certainly the pulpit has erred in this matter, and erred not a little. It is the weak place, not only in modern preaching, but in modern orthodox theology of all names; and if the church wishes to learn the lesson of her failures, she will find it here. A man whose principal motive is to get himself saved by compliance with certain hard conditions of repentance and service, is a pretty poor staff to lean upon in the emergency of a temptation which attacks his selfishness from another direction. Our revival preaching, unless supplemented by a long course of instruction in morality, is pretty poor stuff. It serves its temporary purpose well enough, perhaps; but if conversion is anything less than the beginning of a drill and training in righteousness, it amounts to very little.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Lincoln.

IT may interest some of the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE to know that since the publication of my "Personal Reminiscences of Lincoln," in the numbers for February and March, I have received many letters from friends and acquaintances of the good President. Most of these attest the faithfulness of the portrait which is incidentally given in the article referred to, and some of them furnish new material for biographical sketches. From one of the latter, written from Des Moines, Iowa, I venture to make an extract. The writer, after describing his first sight of Lincoln, proceeds as follows:

Lincoln spoke in the grove in the court-house square, Dixon (Illinois). I think you and I sat together and made a little fun of his excessively homely appearance. He was dressed in an awkwardly fitting linen suit, evidently bought ready-made at a country

store, and intended for a man at least five inches less in stature than he was, the vest and trousers not meeting by at least an inch and a half, and the last-named garment being short at the feet.

Lincoln made on that occasion his second speech on a Republican or Free-soil platform. No other speech I have ever heard made such a lasting impression on my mind; and no other man that I have ever seen or met, before or since, has stamped so indelibly in my memory his likeness—his dress, the very lines and features of his countenance—as did Lincoln at that time. In answer to one of the arguments made by the Democratic speaker who had addressed the Dixon people the day before, Lincoln illustrated his point by telling a story, which I have never seen in print. Perhaps you may recollect it. It ran thus:

"A young gentleman in Tennessee was once traveling a country road, mounted on a fine black racing horse of great value. His casual companion was a shrewd old fellow, who was known in those parts as a Yankee, and rode

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a rack-o'-bones of a horse, apparently hardly able to stand on his feet. The Yankee bantered the Southerner for a horse trade, which of course the Southerner indignantly declined. The Yankee however insisted that his was a very remarkable horse, of what was known as the setter breed, which sets for big game as a dog sets for small game, and that as animals of this breed are very scarce, his horse was accordingly valuable. The Yankee soon had an opportunity to demonstrate the truth of his statement, as his horse had the peculiarity of dropping on all-fours when touched in a certain spot by the spur or heel of the rider. The Yankee seeing a deer on a knoll not far away, touched his raw-bones in the tender spot, and, sure enough, down he went on all-fours, assuring the Southerner that there was game ahead. The would-be horse-trader told the Southerner that there must be game nearby, for his horse never 'set' in that way except when on the scent of game. Immediately after, the deer made its appearance to the Southerner, who succeeded in bringing him down, and so much pleased was he with the wonderful instinct of the horse that he immediately swapped with the Yankee, on even terms. Soon after they came to a stream which the Yankee, mounted on the Southerner's fine horse, crossed in good style; then standing on the opposite bank, he looked back after his companion. The 'setter horse' had sunk, his head being hardly above water; his rider was dismounted and nearly drowned. Reaching the bank and blowing the water from his mouth, he exclaimed: 'Here, you infernal Yankee! what kind of a horse is this to drop on his knees in the middle of a stream?' 'Hush! hush!' replied the Yankee, 'keep perfectly quiet. That's a setter horse; he sets for fish as well as for deer, and I tell you there's game there!'"

Another correspondent who was a member of the Senate during Lincoln's administration, writes as follows from New England:

I can't help thinking that you could have added to the interest of the scene at the delivery of that address at the White House, by incorporating the figure Lincoln used there to enforce the need of organizing loyalty by giving civil government to Louisiana and Florida, "Better hatch the egg than crush it." Is it not in that address that that argument occurs? I remember your telling me of it shortly after, and that you took the liberty of suggesting that the figure was inelegant, but he chose to keep it because it best expressed his purpose. Do you remember this?

Some one should write the account of the interview between the Senate Finance Committee and President Lincoln concerning the nomination of ex-Governor Tod of Ohio as Secretary of the Treasury, after Chase's resignation. He drew from one of the pigeon-holes in that hanging closet to which you refer, all the papers relating to the controversy with Chase. That interview has many good points. Lincoln told how he made his cabinet, to show how Chase came into it; he described their intercourse afterward. Then he described Mr. —, in regard to whose nomination as — at New York the late difficulty had occurred with Chase, and how he, the nominee, drunk at a private party, threw and kicked his own hat to the ceiling of the room, in the presence of the company. And Lincoln said he would not promote that man. Then he proposed to resign his own office as President to the committee, saying, "Take Hamlin for President." The

whole interview was characteristic and creditable. The committee first met in their own room to consider the nomination of Governor Tod, and after consultation, voted to wait upon the President in a body, to ask, first, why Chase had resigned, and whether the case admitted of settlement, and next, why Tod's name had been sent in. Some one should write of this, because it is full of good points and is of historical interest.

This letter recalls to my mind some facts concerning the speech alluded to by the writer. When the good news of the fall of Richmond came to Washington, April 9, 1865, the city was early astir. Everybody made speeches, and the streets were full of impromptu processions. The first dispatches of the victory had been received late in the night of the 8th, and messages of congratulation began to pour in upon the President during the next forenoon. Toward noon, a great crowd of people, dragging several boat-howitzers, with which salutes were fired from time to time, poured into the space in front of the White House. The President appeared at the "historic window." For a few minutes, the scene beneath was almost terrific. The crowd seemed mad with delight, and the most fantastic expressions of joy were made. The President said, when quiet was restored, and he had congratulated his audience on the glorious victory, that he should not make a speech. Arrangements were being made, he understood, for a more formal celebration of the virtual end of the war, "and," he added, "I shall have nothing to say then, if it is all dribbled out of me now." It was on that occasion that he asked the band to play "that good old tune, 'Dixie,'" which he said was now our property, having been lawfully captured on the 8th of April. When he left the window and we had gone back to the library, Lincoln said that he should not make a jubilant speech at the celebration of the victories. He said that the political situation was now very critical. He wanted to give his views on reconstruction as early and as frequently as possible. Then he used, in conversation, the figure of the egg and the fowl. The formal written speech was delivered April 11, 1865. It was during the delivery of this speech that the writer performed the office of candle-holder. The speech was a great disappointment to most people, for, though the President began with the words, "We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart," it was almost wholly taken up with a discussion of the Louisiana reconstruction question, then exciting much acrimony among Republicans. Before he went to the window upstairs, the President, who had the manuscript of his speech in his hand, said that he had been so pleased with his simile of the egg and the fowl that he had put it into his address. "Don't you think that is a good figure?" he asked. I replied that it might be thought inelegant, especially as he had admitted that he had been found fault with for using the phrase, "turned tail and run," on a former occasion. He laughingly said that he should keep the illustration. That was Lincoln's last public speech. On the 13th, he corrected a printed report



of the address, at the request of Mr. Edward McPherson, for insertion in his "Political History of the Rebellion." On the night of the 14th he was assassinated. The curious reader will find in the recorded address these words: "Concede that the new government of Louisiana is to what it should be only what the egg is to the fowl, we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it."

Writing from Chicago, a friend of Lincoln recalls this story, which may not be new, but it is good:

We congratulated the President on the defeat of Hood's army, and some one said that it seemed "pretty much used up." Lincoln laughed, and said, "That reminds me of a story. A certain rough, rude and bullying man in our county had a bull-dog, which was as rude, rough and bullying as his master. Dog and man were the terror of the neighborhood. Nobody dared to touch either for fear of the other. But a crafty neighbor laid a plan to dispose of the dog. Seeing Slocum and his dog plodding along the road one day, the dog a little ahead, this neighbor, who was prepared for the occasion, took from his pocket a junk of meat in which he had concealed a big charge of powder, to which was fastened a deadwood slow-match. This he lighted, and then threw into the road. The dog gave one gulp at it, and the whole thing disappeared down his throat. He trotted on a few steps, when there was a sort of smothered roar, and the dog blew up in fragments, a fore-quarter being lodged in a neighboring tree, a hind-quarter on the roof of a cabin, and the rest scattered along the dusty road. Slocum came up and viewed the remains. Then, more in sorrow than in anger, he said, 'Bill war a good dog; but, as a dog, I reckon his usefulness is over.'" The President added, with a twinkle of his eye, "Hood's army was a good army. We have been very much afraid of it. But, as an army, I reckon its usefulness is gone."

This "little story" reminds me of another told by the President, which, though it has been often told in print, is worth revival. In the autumn of 1863 General Burnside was besieged in Knoxville, Tennessee, and his communications interrupted. For several anxious days no news from Burnside reached Washington, and during this time nobody knew how it fared with him. At last, despatches were received from him, asking for re-enforcements. A gentleman called on the President just after the news that Burnside had been heard from was published. The visitor expressed his satisfaction at this intelligence, whereupon the President said, "Yes, Burnside's call reminds me of a woman in Sangamon County, who had a great flock of small children. She lived in a log-house, in the midst of a growth of hazel-brush. The children were continually coming to grief by various accidents among the brush, or were getting lost, bitten by snakes, and so on. The mother of this flock, with the care of her children on her mind, would sometimes pause in her work, as the cry of a child would reach her from the distant depths of the brush, and say, 'Well, there's one of my young ones that isn't lost, anyway.' Burnside isn't lost, anyway, for he's crying for help!"

NOAH BROOKS.

#### The Future Usefulness of the Erie Canal.

[We give place to the following communication from a gentleman who is not altogether satisfied with the conclusions reached by Mr. Stevens in his paper on "The Erie Canal" in SCRIBNER for November, 1877.—Ed.]

THE facilities of transportation on the Erie Canal accommodate six thousand boats, averaging in capacity 225 tons each. Assuming that one-half of this number of boats is returning from the east, and that the other half is on the way to tide water, we have at one time moving toward New York City, 22,000,000 bushels of grain, all to arrive within thirteen days. To accomplish the same result by rail, there would be required 100 trains of cars, made up of fifty cars each, making the total of 5,000 cars per day, for a fraction less than thirteen days,—each car averaging ten tons burthen. It is safe to say, therefore, that the facilities of the Erie Canal to move freight, are far greater than the capacity of all the railroads coming into New York put together.

As to the future usefulness of the Canal, the first question to be asked is in relation to the moving power used for transportation. Whether the late improvements in the power used, will enable the canal to compare favorably with the rail as to the actual cost of moving freight. Many plans for quick and economical transit have been submitted to those persons designated by the State to examine them, embracing the use of steam, water-power, towing by endless cables, etc. The plan of coupling two boats together, with the steam-power applied only to one boat which pushes the other ahead, shows a great saving of labor and fuel. The coupling is so ingeniously arranged, that it is a very simple matter to uncouple the boats in order to allow them to pass through the locks separately. The expense of moving them, as seen by a statement submitted, is \$602.58 for making the entire trip from New York to Buffalo and return, with an average load of 315 tons; and in this expense are included tolls, fuel, oil, depreciation of, and interest on, property, labor, insurance and sundry expense, etc. The time consumed is nineteen days. This comprises a distance of about 1,000 miles, over which 315 tons of freight have been moved at a cost of \$602.58, which is a little less than *two mills per ton per mile*. A comparison with the old method of towing by horses shows a saving of time of at least *five days*, while the capacity is *twice* as great and the actual cost is only one-quarter as much. It has been mentioned by excellent authority that for 47 years the actual cost of transportation of freight by canal, where horse-power has been used, averaged a trifle over eight mills per ton per mile. It is hardly probable that the rail can bring it down to six.

Much of the commerce of our country has sought the seaboard through other sources than the Central Railroad, the Erie Canal, and the several important trunk lines coming into Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The immense patronage given to Montreal, together with the evidences of a new route about to be opened to New Orleans, should open the eyes of those who feel an interest in the commercial